

John F. Hummel — 1830
GRAFFANIO-MASTIX:

O R, A

COLLECTION

Of Curious

POEMS.

ON THE

CENSOR.

CONTAINING,

- I. The Censoriad.
- II. The Defence.
- III. The Threboia.
- IV. The Last Will.

- V. Varie Lectiones
excerptæ ex operibus
Nugatoris Bouleir
Theob. & Wellstedt.

All curiously illustrated with ANNOTATIONS
of divers learned Authors.

To which is prefixed the Life of MART. GULLIVER.

Tibi Scriptus GRAFFANE Libellus

MART.

D U B L I N :

Printed, and Sold by GEORGE FAULKNER at the Pam-
phlet-Shop in *Essex-street*, opposite to the Bridge, 1730.



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with two Notes by Way of Supplement to
the Modest Defence.

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collected from the several Poems.

A N

THE
CENSORIAD.
A
POEM.

Written originally by MARTIN GULLIVER.

Illustrated with sundry curious Annotations of divers learned Commentators Scholiasts and Criticks.

*Falicia tempora, quæ te
Moribus opponunt!*

JUV.

Thou Vermin wretched
As e'er in meazel'd Pork was hatched!
Thou Tail of Worship, that dost grow
On Rump of Justice, as of Cow!

HUDIBRAS.

*Cum variis Lectionibus excerptis
Ex eruditissimis Commentariis Ric.
Bentleii, Lud. Theobaldi
Nec non Leonardi Welstedii.*

To which is added an ANSWER.

'The Fourth EDITION.

DUBLIN: Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, (lately removed from Skinner-Row,) at the Pamphlet-shop in Essex-street, opposite to the Bridge, 1730.

THE COMMENTATOR'S

Proeme unto the courteous Reader.

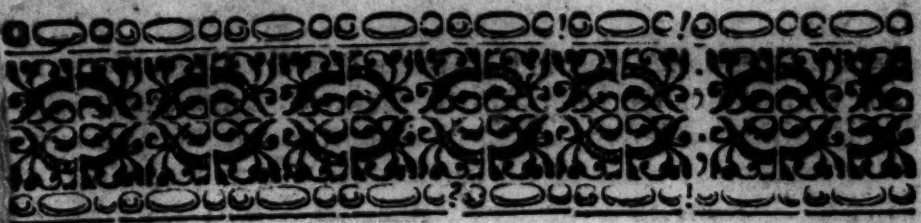
THIS delectable Piece of Poesie having, mainly and marvelously suffer'd through the Precipitation of sundry Transcribers, and Copyists heretofore; we deemed it meet (and in some sort it behoveth us) to restore it to its pristine Garb; partly by comparing together the severall Copies, and adhereing unto such thereof as liked us most, partly on the Verity of others, and finally on our own Experience, manifold Observations, and profound Penetration.

And in good sooth to compyle this Commentarie, much Labour and Oyle hath been expended, albeit great Pleasance hath it ministred unto us, inasmuch as it hath enabled us to bring into Light this Piece in its primal Purity, and eke to testifie unto the Publique our unwearied Indeavour for the Entertainment thereof, unto the Preponderancy of whose Judgment, we subject the Fruits of our Toyle the Erudition,

Age, benigne Lector, his nostris contibus fave.



Vale & frueri.



MARTINI GULLIVERI

vita ex variis Veterum testimoniis
Excerpta.

M*artinus Gulliverus* matrem habuit *Aliciam*, quo vero patre *us* minime inter Doctos consensum. Varias horum conjecturas & disputationes non nostrum est hic proferre; sufficiat si de ipso *Martino* pauca commemoremus, idque, quum plurimis confessum, cum quendam (quicunque modo fuit) habuisse patrem. Natus est in Anglia, Comitatu *Shropshire* pridie Calendarum *Martii* Anno 1242. Inter plures Matronas matri enixe parturienti astantes, *Sbiptonam* quandam prophetissam fuisse traditur, eamque (studio matris, seu potius Divinirus impulsam) Labiis nunc primum gustantibus potionem quandam in cranio Coracis contentam admovisse, Cum Nonnullæ præsentium Rogitassent, cujus ergo hoc fecisset, *Sbiptona* respondit, sibi permanifestum fuisse, infantem natum esse egregiæ Indolis, & modo Vatem futurum, & ut vires insitæ quam maximè adangerentur, hunc potum dedisse. Quid infans & puer gessisset, ad rem in manibus parum attinet; præclari tamen ingenii, quod cum vix prima adoleverit ætas, indicium exhibuit, tenebris minimè obvolvendum duco. Indicium, Cui nunquam inter celeberrimos extitit quicquam simile aut secundum. Sed quò feror? hoc certe eruditus jamdudum innotuit, & arrogantia vel stultitiæ jure arguerer, si promulgarem hesternum fuisse solem; hoc ergo nomine, Maturioribus jam consiliis, omninò prætermittendum censeo. Spectemus nunc *Martinum*

Martinum anno post decimum quarto in Academiam Cantabrigiensem delatum, ubi sedulo in biennium literis operam navavit. Cum ex improvise colloquium inter combibones de Regimine Academiae exortum esset, variaeque de eo prolatae Sententiae, dixit se de certo scire, hinc multis ab annis, Collegium in *Ierne* extructum, & statuta regimenque abhinc deducturum fore, hocque (perrexit ille) nixum fundamento, bene multos in annos provectum iri, donec *Obeusus* quidam, circiter, vel in Anno 1728, Censuratum instituerit, & sese, ut qui bene mores intelligat, ad munus obeundum obtulerit. Hinc occasione captâ. (indignatus est enim innovationes cujuscunque generis) hoc Poema Censoriada scilicet condidit, dicens saltem exemplar fore futuris vaticibus, si non de omni prædicabile esset de *Obeuso* illo prædicato. Affirmant nonnulli identidem dixisse, hoc munus tantum in annum a singulo obeundum fore, & quod secundo ab institutione, in hoc officium eligeretur Mathematicus quidam, adduntque præterea, alterum carmen hujus ergo composuisse; sed quum nobis firma sit mens nil nisi verum expromere, longe absit asserere ea, quorum veritas non abunde elucescit. Sed his omisissis ad finem propero. *Martinus* cum annum decimum septimum complevisset, pustulis succubuit, admodum ab omnibus defletus, sed nullis, quam nobis Literatis flebilior, relictis plurimis vaticiniis, quorum quaedam jam expleantur, alia vero restant in posterum explenda.

Jam vero de nobis nostraque hac editione, pauca liceat dicamus. Post multas vigilias & Bibliothecarum perscrutationes indefessas hic tibi, benevole lector, obferimus Censoriados editionem, quam possumus perfectissimam; et si tecum serio reputaveris, quantum opere laboravimus vindicando a tinea & blattis, fragmenta, imò potius frustula chartae, ex quibus hæc perfecta colligitur editio, si quot hallucinationes, insertiones & omissiones, quas, aut invidia aut incuria finxit, succurrendae fuerint, quantumque fuerit pulvis decutiendus sedulo consideraveris, nil moror, quin gratias, tametsi non provocatus, rependeris. Prædictionem in vita Autoris memoratam omnimodo expletam jam nunc vidimus, & in laudem ejus dicatur, quod ita adaptaverit poematis circumstantias, quasi suis ipse oculis vidisset Censorem. Quid restat nunc quominus

The Author's Life.

minus huic finem imponamus operi? Finiatur ergo; & questum eamus istud Poema de Censore secundo, si tale quiddam reperendum est.

Translated for the Benefit of the English Reader.

Martin Gulliver was born of his Mother *Alice*, but by what Father is not agreed among the Learned. It is not to our Purpose to set forth here their various Conjectures and Disputes; let it suffice, if we mention a few things of *Martin* himself, especially since it is allow'd by several that he had a Father (be he who he will.) He was born in *England* in *Shropshire*, the Day before the Calends of *March* in the Year 1242. Among other Matrons, who were assisting his Mother in her Travail, 'tis said there was one *Shipton* a Prophetess, and that she (thro' love of his Mother, or rather inspir'd from above) gave him his first Drink out of a Raven's Skull. Upon being ask'd by some present, why she had done so, she answer'd, that it was plain to her, that the Babe was born with a goodly Disposition, and wou'd in time be a Prophet, and that she had given that Drink to improve, as much as possible, his natural Abilities. His Actions while an Infant and Child are little to the Matter in hand; yet the Indication which he gave of his great Genius, when he was yet scarce a Youth, ought not, as I think, be buried in Darkness. Such an Indication, as that any of the most famous Men have not only not parallel'd, but fallen far short of! But whither am I carried? It is certainly long since well known to the Learned, and I shou'd be justly branded with Arrogance or Folly, if I shou'd tell the World, that the Sun was up Yesterday, therefore on this Account, upon more mature Deliberation, I think fit to omit it intirely.

Let us now look upon *Martin* settled in *Cambridge College* in the fourteenth Year of his Age, where for two Years he diligently apply'd himself to Letters; where upon an accidental Discourse between him and his Pot-Companions concerning the Government of the College; and after each had spoken his Sentiments of it, he said, that he assuredly knew, that many Years after a College wou'd be builded in *Ireland*,

The Author's Life.

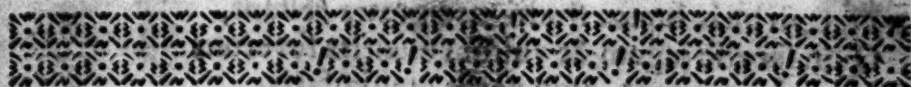
which wou'd deduce its Statutes and Method of governing from thence, and (continued he) being fix'd on this Foundation will advance happily for many Years, until a certain Burly Fellow in or about the Year 1728, shall institute a Censorship, and shall, as being well vers'd in Morals, propose to execute the Office himself. Taking an Opportunity hence (for he cou'd not endure Innovations of any kind) he wrote this Poem, viz. Censoriad, saying that it wou'd at least be a Copy to succeeding Bards, if it were not in every respect applicable to that same burly Fellow, before mention'd. Some affirm that he declar'd at the same time, that this Office was to be executed yearly by each Person, and that in the second after its Institution, a certain Mathematician shou'd be elected to it, and they add besides, that he had compos'd another Poem on this Occasion; but since we are resolv'd to publish nothing but what is real, far be it from us to assert things, whose Truth is not abundantly apparent. But passing by these things I hasten to the end. *Martin* when he had compleated his 17th Year, died of the Small-Pox, very much lamented of all, but by none than us, Men of Letters more lamentable, having left many Prophecies, some of which are already fulfilled, and others await their Completion among Posterity.

Let us now have leave to speak a few things of our selves and this our Edition. After many Watchings and unwearied Searchings of Libraries, we here, Courteous Reader, offer to thee the most perfect Edition of the Censoriad, which we cou'd procure; and if you seriously think with your self, how much we have labour'd in rescuing from Moths and Worms, the Fragments or rather Crumbs of Paper, out of which this Edition is gathered, if you diligently consider how many Hallucinations, Insertions, and Omissions, the effects of Envy or Neglect, were to have been obviated, and how much Dust to be shaken off, I doubt not but you will pay your Thanks, tho' you had not been call'd upon for them. We even now have seen the Prediction mention'd in the Author's Life in every respect compleated, and to his Praise be it spoken, he has so adapted the Circumstances of the Poem, as if he had seen the Censor with his own Eyes.

What

Judicia quorundam, &c.

What now remains, but that we put an end to this Work?
Be it then finish'd; and let us go in quest of that Poem
concerning Censor the second, if there be any such thing to
be found.



Judicia quorundam tum veterum tum recentiorum Scriptorum in hunc nostrum Authorem.

GULLIVER ingenio quantum probitate celebris
Aöniis innavit aquis——

Muret. Lib. 2 Poet.

Aspice, censorem qua pinxit *Gulliver* arte.

Sclavon. de arte Poet.

Inter vates melioris notæ *Gulliver* minime rejiciendus.

Vanderghucht de Officio Poet.

Quemadmodum apud Græcos *Homerum*, apud Romanos
autem *Virgilium*, ita apud Nostrates *Alexandrum Popeum*
in Hexametris componendis coterporaneis suis longè præsti-
tisse sæpenumero *Gulliver*, cujus judicium nequaquam dubi-
tandum censeo, affirmavit.

Tan. in Logograph.

Martinus Gulliver, longissimo etiamsi intervallo *Lemuele*
deductus, tamen inter sui Poetas sæculi rei poeticae satis feli-
citer operam dedit.

Bibl. in cap. 10. Comment.

Antiquitas suos impune vates jactet, & nos non paucos
enumerare possumus, quos inter *Martinus Gulliver* haud im-
merito locum obtinuit.

Bell. in Tom. 20. opusc.

Vir-

Judicia quorundam, &c.

*Vir tam ingenii acumine quam Sermonis elegantis Marti
Gulliver.*

Frag. inter. Ant.

Ingeniis quoniam depulsis artibus Alma
Squallet & invidiæ damnosis sentibus horret;
Nec virtutis honos studii nec gratia restant,
Quin servile jugum & vulgum mentita severum
Luxuries regnant, quin versis omnia fatis
In pejora ruunt, an non *Martinus* hiaret,
Si foret in terris? &c.

Dunsc. in Lib. 2. Somniandi.

F I N I S.



THE CENSORIAD.

SHOU'D the old Censor of Imperial Rome
 Raise his tremendous Presence from the Tomb,
 How wou'd he glow with just indignant Rage!
 How wou'd he pity and detest that Age,
 5 Where Ideots dictate, and Buffoons turn Sage.

ANNOTATIONS.

Censoriad. So *Iliad*, *Æneid*, *Dunciad*, &c. But let the Reader be satisfy'd, that it signifies no more than a Song on the *Censor*, which Word naturally produces a Note. Certain it is, that the generality of Mankind are ever fond of filling those Offices, for which Nature hath render'd them most unfit.

Optat Ephippia bos piger, optat arare caballus.

Hor.

Our Hero being elected to the *Censorship*, remindeth me of some *Germans*, who allowed an *Ass* to be best qualified to distinguish the Harmony of Sounds, because it had the longest Ears. Whence the Epidemic fondness of our Kingdom for Musick may rationally be accounted for. —
Nam auriculas Asini quis non habet?

Heinsius.

Ver. 5—Where Ideots. Allud's to this of *Juvenal*.

— *Quoties aliquid de moribus audent.*

Qui Curios simulant, & Bacchanalia vicunt.

O thou!

The CENSORIA D.

O thou! to whom these Verses I direct,
 Whom *Folly* can't secure, nor *Wit* protect,
 Too bulky grown to pass unnotic'd by,
 And yet too dull, to rally and reply,
 How wou'd that *Cato* weep, nay *Smile* to view,
 Dictators ap'd by Animals like You?
 Who dare confirm new Offices and Laws,
 At once the Scourge and Scandal of thy Cause;

ANNOTATIONS.

Verse 8. Too bulky—*Similiter Horatius:*

——*Epicuri de grege Porcum.*

Ver. 10. How wou'd that *Cato* Weep. Some Criticks contend, this and the following Lines shou'd be read in *busc modum.*

How wou'd that *Cato* Weep, nay *Smile* to see

Dictators ap'd by Animals like *Thee*?

Either I think may serve; but here give me leave to animadvert on the Ignorance of a certain Scholiast, who affirmeth, that *Weep* and *Smile*, applied so closely to the same Person, imply a Contradiction in Terms: but well we may imagine this Critick never knew there was such a Figure in *Rhetoric* as *Epananthosis*; or that *Weep* might refer to the Abuse of the Office, and *Smile* to the Buffoonry of the Person, Ignorant at the same Time of that beautiful Expression in *Homer*.

—*Δεξείν τε δαδεναι.*

Il. 2.

She mingled with a Smile a tender Tear.

POPE.

Ver. 12. Who dare confirm—The Reverend Hero of our Poem, was not only the Institutor of the *Censorship*, but the first that, through a consciousness of his own superior Worth and Abilities, embrac'd the honourable Office himself, and by his indefatigable Industry, hath paved a Path, worthy to be Trodden by all succeeding *Censors*.

Hanc talem spectato virtutem. Duncesc.

Who



The CENSORIAD.

Who teach unpolish'd Monsters to reclaim,
 15 And servile Hearts to tremble at a Theme,
 Where *Dread* and *Dulness* all their force unite
 Where you give *Subjects*, and where *Freshmen*
 (write.
 Who least offends, himself should Censure most,
 Our *Censor* seems the Object of his Post:
 20 To thinking Minds this honest Task shou'd fall.
 But *Gr*——prates too much, to think at all:

ANNOTATIONS.

Ver. 14. Who teach unpolish'd, &c. *Similiter fragmentum incerti Authoris:*

Ipse rudis rudibus posuit praecepta novistis.

Ver. 16. Where *Dread* and *Dulness*, &c. Tho' no Animal is more sluggish and despicable than an *Ass*, yet nothing is more Frightful than it's braying. *Idem.*

Ver. 18. Who least, &c. Directly opposite to this Rule of our Author, is the general Practice of the World. For the Ignorant and Vicious are ever more the most Impertinent and Censorious; and it is not doubted by the learned, that the *Hero* of this *Poem*, for being well accomplish'd in both these Respects, was as *Milton* expresseth it on a parallel Occasion——*

namely *Satan's* Election to the Censorship of *Tartarus*, &c.
 * advanc'd to that bad Eminence,
Heinsius.

Ver. 19. Our *Censor* seems

This may seem a piece of *Satire* on our *Censor*, but I must beg Pardon, if I Argue from an opposite Principle, 'tis the highest *Encomium* he cou'd receive since he sacrifices his private to the publick Interest of a *Society*: This, as I take it, is the true Spirit of a Patriot, and a notable Imitation of *Cato* I shall strengthen this my Opinion with one Argument. Sup-
 Offi-

The CENSOR AD.

Officious, fawning, frivolous and loud,
 Awkardly Vain, and impotently Proud;
 Partially strict and sneakingly Severe,
 25 And fickle as the * Beast, which lives on *Air*.
 He can't judge right, for Triflers never can;
 'Tis not the *Cause* that's odious, but the *Man*:
 Great is the Task, and worthy of a Mind,
Imbu'd with Virtue, and by Wit refin'd,
 30 To point the Paths of *Piety* and *Truth*,
 To curb the Sallies of licentious *Youth*.

ANNOTATIONS.

pose my Neighbour were so extremely kind, as to Weed
 my Garden, shall I Quarrel with him for his good Office,
 because at the same Time his own is over-run with *Nettles*
 and *Thistles*? *Lipsius.*

Ver. 21. But *Gr*—This Word hath occasion'd several
 Conjectures, some imagine it to be *Griffith*, some *Griffin*,
 and others peremptorily affirm it to be a Name, too obvi-
 ous to be mention'd. *Casaubon.*

Ibid Ver. But *Gr*—the Word *Prates* is very sig-
 nificantly apply'd by our Author: thus we say the *Parrot*
Prates, the *Magpye*, &c. *Similiter λαλις ἐργον κορυνη. A-*
pud Anacreontem.

Ver. 27. 'Tis not the Cause, &c. So that we may say
 his Office becomes him, as the Armour of *Achilles* wou'd
Iberfites, and on whom (according to Mr. Young)

It—Shines as *Trophies* on a Post.

Bentleius
Grævius.
At

* This Periphrasis signifies a Camelion
 Est Animal, quod mille dunt diversa colores
 Aurat species, Paccuvii frag.

The CENSORIAD.

7

At once endeavour to *Instruct* and *Pleaze*,
Advise with *Candour*, and *Correct* with *Ease*;
 To such a *Censor*, and in such a *Cause*,
 35 Whose good *Example* ratifies his *Laws*,
 We give *Attention*, for *Offence* atone,
 And make his *Life*, the *Standard* of our own:
 But when this *Mimic Ape*, with *Aspect* sow'r,
 Exerts the rigour of *Tyrannic Pow'r*,
 40 We start with generous *Indignation* back,
 For who wou'd take the *Potion* of a *Quack*,

ANNOTATIONS.

Ver. 32. At once endeavour, &c.

So *Horace*.

Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare—

Aut simul & jucunda & idonea dicere vita.

Et paulo post,

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

Ver. 37. and 40. And make his *Life*, &c. our Author here in the Characters of a good and bad *Censor* concludes with two Epiphonemas, the one in the Affirmative, and t'other in the Negative, wherein he giveth us to understand, that precept availeth but little, if it be not inforc'd by practical Precedent; and it must be confess'd, that unworthy Magistrates are but at best but so many Burlesques on their Offices; far be it from me to reflect on the just and wise Body of Aldermen of this City, and farther yet be it from me to reflect on the right worshipful *Censor* of T. C.

Ver 42. Faction he loves, &c. I wou'd not have the Reader infer from this, that he interferes with the State *Arcana*. No, far be it from him to be suspected for a *Politician*, it only relates to his Conduct in the common Wealth of Learning, where the Superficial and Turbulent, are (*ceteris paribus*,) as dangerous as in the Body Politick like
 Faction

The CENSORIAD.

Faction he loves, tho' for its Tool design'd,
 For this he'd stand, the Test of all Mankind
 He hunts Reproach, lays Snares for Redicule,
 45 And takes uncommon Pains to play the Fool,
 Easy alike if Zeal or Party's bad,
 Or if he pass for Popular or Mad.

ANNOTATIONS.

Moles, which tho' blind, are ever undermining, and *Snails* which touch nothing without leaving a Portion of their Slime on't. *Spondanus.*

Ver. 43. For this he'd stand the Test, &c. The Word *Test* hath, with good Reason, given occasion to various Conjectures; some imagine it ought to have been *Pest*, and that the Line shou'd run thus

In this he is the Pest of all Mankind.

Alii vero sic. In this he is the jest of all Mankind.

Reader, thou hast variety, chuse which thou wilt. *Scal.*

Ver. 45. And takes uncommon Pains, &c. The Courteous Reader may perhaps accuse the Poet of running here into the improbable; but the following Story, may, I think, suffice, to vindicate him from that Imputation.

The Censor, whilst paying his Devoirs to a certain Nobleman accidentally drop'd his *Handkerchief*, and stooping to take it up, in it's stead, he *innocently* seizes his Patron's *Slipper* and crams it into his Breast, and tho' immediately told of his Mistake, cou'd scarce be convinc'd, that the *Slipper* was not really the *Handkerchief*.

Ver. 46. Easy alike, &c. From this Insensibility of Temper in our Hero, it appears that he espouses the Stoic Sect of Philosophers, to which the Roman Censor was so inviolably attach'd, tho' others affirm his Principles are *Epicurean* from his daily Experiments of the *Air Pump*, and his contending for a *Vacuum*. And lastly, others are for making out that he is a *Cartesian*, and that he *solidly* believes that to be a *Plenum*, which all others take for a *Vacuum*. *Scal. Jun. Witness*

THE CENSORIAD.

9

Witness that glorious Night, when flush'd
(with Wine,
His folly spurr'd him to a brave Design,
50 When Misers dreaming, brood o'er hoarded Pelf,
And ev'ry Hog lay snoring, but *himself*.

ANNOTATIONS.

Ver. 48. When flush'd with Wine. As we have already in other respects compar'd him to *Cato*, the Parallel will hold good in this.

*Arratus & prisce Catonis
Sepe meri caluisse virtus.*

Ver. 49. His folly, &c. This whole Epifode is Matter of Fact, and no poetical Fiction, as hath erroneously been held by some. From the Tenour of which, a very useful Moral may be drawn, viz. That all Magistrates invested with any civil Power, should be well guarded, when they are discharging the rigour of their Office. The circumspect Mr. *Hawkins* was so well convinc'd of the truth of this Aphorism, that he never went upon any publick Enterprize without his Train'd-band.

Ver. 50. When Misers dreaming, &c. The Antients as well as Moderns have been very copious in their Descriptions of Night: Probably our Author had the following one of *Virgil* in view.

*Nox erat & terras animalia fessa per omnes
Alitum PEGUDUMQ; genus sapor altus habebat.*

As Night and Chaos are represented by the Poets to have been the Progenitors of Dullness and Stupidity, certainly our Author cou'd not have pointed out a fairer Scene of Action for his Hero, than that vacant space of Time, when the more thoughtful Part of Mortals suspend their pursuits, and recruit their Spirits for the Business of the Day—

Vossius

Ver 52. Back'd by one Vassal. *Virgil*

Horrentibus umbris

Ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate.

B

Back'd

Back'd by one Vassal, thro' the mazy Gloom,
 He boldly stagger'd to a Scholar's Room,
 Thrice knock'd with pond'rous Feet and
 (Mutton Fists,
 55 And thrice the bolted Door his rage resists:
 At length he tries the Prowess of his Pate,
 And open flies the barricado'd Gate;

A N N O T A T I O N S.

Ver. 54. Thrice knock'd, &c. So *Lucan*.

——— *Bis terq; manu, quassantia tectum,
 Limina commovit*———

Ver. 56. At length he tries, &c. I can't well justify our Author in this, for he seems to attribute a degree of Reason and Reflection to the Censor; how much better had he describ'd him according to *Horace*.

Iracundus, Inexorabilis

Difficilis, Quervulus, &c.

Ver. 57. And open flies, &c. Our Author in this hath shewn himself well vers'd in the Beauties of the Classics: For it is observable that all Epic Writers, when they study'd to exalt the Characters of their Heroes, describ'd them breaking Gates and bursting open Doors: Thus *Homer* (*Iliad* 12.) magnifies *Hector* for breaking the Gate of the *Grecian* Wall with the Fragment of a Rock, *Milton* aggrandizes the Courage of *Satan*, by describing him breaking open *Hell-Gates*, and the Author of *Hudibras*, to exalt the Character of *Magnano*, represents him indeed like our Hero, coming off with the worst in his Encounter, but seems to think him sufficiently extoll'd in the other part of the Description.

——— The brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano great in Martial Fame,
 But when with *Orsin* he wag'd Fight,
 'Tis Sung he got but little by't;

For

- For what is Oak or Iron, but a Sham,
 Against the Force of such a batt'ring Ram ?
 60 The Censor enters——and about he flings
 The injur'd Glasses, and the Chamber rings:
 See *Locke* and *Clarke* in floods of Liquor swim,
 He seiz'd the Scholar, and the Scholar him;
 Off fly their Wigs; they give alternate Cuffs,
 65 The Scholar Labours, and the Censor Puffs:

A N N O T A T I O N S.

Yet Doors were feeble to resist
 The Fury of his armed Fist.

Ver. 65. The Censor puffs. So *Virgil*.

Vastos quatit ager anbelitus artus.

Though much it irketh me to accuse our Author of *Plagiarism*; yet Reader, perceivest thou not, that the following Description is purloin'd from a Passage in the fifth *Æneid* of *Virgil*, where *Dares* and *Entellus* are contending at Whirlbats? Albeit, we must allow the Application to be meet enough.

*Ille, pedum melior motu, fretusq; juventa :
 Hic membris & mole valens; sed tarda trabenti
 Genua labant*——

*Multa viri nequidquam inter se vulnera jactant,
 Multa cavo lateri ingeminant & pectore vastos
 Dant Sonitus, erratq; aures & tempora circum
 Crebra manus: duro crepitant sub vulnere male.*

Stat gravis Entellus, &c.

*Ostendit dextram insurgens——& alto
 Extulit: ille ictum venientem a vertice velox
 Prævidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit.*

*Entellus vires in ventum effudit, & ultro
 Ipse gravis, graviterq; ad terram pondere vasto
 Concidit*——

Duncese.
 This

- This on Activity and youth relies,
 In Martial Spirit Greater, less in Size :
 Not so the Cenfor ; the dull heavy Hulk
 Chiefly depends on his enormous Bulk ;
 70 But as he moves his Body in a heat,
 His Joints relax beneath th'unweildy weight.
 Bloodless they yet contend with many Bumps,
 Their hollow Sides repeat the heavy Thumps;
 And now their Nails indent heroic Scars,
 75 They tug and lengthen one another's Ears :
 With formidable Hands they lay around
 Repeated Wounds, at each repeated Wound
 Their Heads are dizzy'd, and their Cheeks
 (resound.)
 Yet lo! unmov'd the Mighty Cenfor stands,
 80 Shakes off the Foe, and weighs his potent hands,
 The feeble Foe, as when with fatal Knocks,
 The Butcher's bent, to kill the stately Ox,
 The Cenfor views in Majesty of Fat,
 And tries, with insult vain, this way and that.
 85 Aloft his weighty Hand the Cenfor lifts,
 And bravely charges—but the Scholar shifts;
 The yielding Air receiv'd the Cenfor's Strength,
 And down he fell—a huge unweildy Length!
 Then, oh! what Scenes of Gallantry & Blood,
 90 What Noble Theme for Poets had ensu'd,
 Had

Had not pacific Dullness, all unseen,
Rush'd in a Freshman's Habitude between,
Anxious to save her genuine Offspring's Life,
And put a Period to the doubtful Strife?

95 Him straight the Goddess to his Room con-
And in a downy Bed supinely laid; vey'd,
Then gently round his consecrated Head,
A misty Cloud of drowsy vapours shed.

To sooth his Dolours with Nutation bland,
100 Thrice o'er his temples shook her Magic wand
Thrice sweetly hum'd, to Lullaby his pain,
Pambaicks soft --- *asleep creating* Strain!

And thrice her parent Breath with his com-
(mix'd
And his dim Eyes in leaden slumber fix'd.

ANNOTATIONS.

Ver. 91. Had not pacific Dullness — the Interposition of Deities is frequently us'd by *Homer* and other Epic Writers; from many Instances take the following out of the 21st *Illiad*, where *Apollo* rescues his Favourite *Agenor* from the Violence of *Pelides*.

— Οὐδὲ τ' ἔκαστεν Ἀπόλλων Κυδὸς ἄρ' ἔσθαι
Ἄλλῃ μὲν ἐξήρπασε, καλυψέ δ' αὖτ' ἦρε πολλῇ

Ver. 101. Thrice o'er his Temples. The Goddess is here introduc'd with all suitable Pomp and Solemnity, who at the same time she displays her Divinity, shews all the tender care and concern of a Parent: to mitigate his late misfortune she breaths her influence on him, she lulls him asleep. The Goddess of Wisdom herself cou'd do no more to her favourite *Penelope* in her afflictions,

— οἱ ὕπνον,
Ἥδ' ἐν Βλεφάρων αἰσιν γλυκύα πιν' Ἀθηνῆ

105 But let the Cenſor's folly be his guide,
 Since this is all that can ſupport his Pride;
 In every Scrape his Politicks muſt run,
 And where his Schemes do nothing--nothing's
 (done,
 When daring faults call haſty venge'nce down,
 110 Preſumptuous ſins, too big for half o' Crown,
 Then gentle R—s ſtupidly complains,
 Whoſe Conſcience ſo much overweighs his
 (Brains;
 But Gr—— ſighs to ſee a Crime ſo large,
 For none but paultry Sinners are his Charge.
 115 Yet grins and leers at leaſt, to ſhew his Zeal,
 Impertinence ſucceeds, tho' Power may fail;
 He ſhall tell Tales, work Infamy more warm,
 Invent, inlarge, *think Nonſenſe*—then inform.

ANNOTATIONS.

Certain it is, that nothing can give greater Ornaments to Poetry than this Figure, when well wrought and aptly apply'd—*Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus—inciderit*—It muſt be a Matter of the laſt Importance, that demands the Preſence of a Deity. So that with the ſame poetical Juſtice, wherewith the God of *Wit* preſerv'd his *Votary*, the *Godeſs* of *Dullneſs* preſerv'd her's.

Gronovius

Ver. 103. Pambaicks ſoft. A Peculiar and inoffenſive kind of things ſo nominated from their ſoft and ſimple meaning Author Namby Pamby. By the Critick dignified with the

The CENSORIAD. 15

If by the Looks the inmost Soul we trace,
 Who cannot read his Dulness in his Face?
 Well does *Grimace* his Sentiments besit,
 His *Smiles* are *Commentators* on his Wit.
 Sardonic *Smiles* distort his hideous *Jaws*,
 Senseless he jests, and laughs without a Cause.

125. In

A N N O T A T I O N S.

the Titles of the Infantine, the Finical, the See-Saw, &c!
 and which to use his own easy Dialect.

Readers absolutely keep

Half awake——— or half asleep.

Dydimus.

* * * * *
 * * * * * *Hiatus in M. S.* * * * * *
 * * * * * *valde deslendus* * * * * *
 * * * * *

As to this lamentable Chasm in the M. S. Commentators are strangely divided; some tell us we have lost above thirty or forty Lines, for which little or no account can be given; others are of opinion the Poem reach'd no farther, and that, what lines follow are but a spurious Supplement, a practice too notorious among some Scholiasts! For my part I shall not pretend to be decisive, but this I can affirm, that I have delivered it to the World, as I found it in a M. S. of the *Grubstreet Vatican*, which is reckoned the most ancient, now extant.

Faber.

Ver. 111. Then gentle R——s stupidly. I have seen an old M. S. wherein for *stupidly* is written *heavily*, and it is more than probable the former hath been foisted in either thro' the inadvertence or conceit of the Transcriber; because *Heavy Complaints*, hath been an old Mode of Speech, not but that both may be equally applicable to the Person.

Ver. 118. Think Nonsense. A Vulgar Author here wou'd have said, speak Nonsense (as I have seen it in one of the surreptiti-

125 In vain *Democritus* he wou'd appear
 With not one sign of Wisdom--but the Sneer.
 But much I grieve your Errors to expose,
 To pawn Advice in Verse for Faults in Prose;
 Can you renounce those Follies all despise,
 130 Will future Ages say, *you once were Wise*?
 Sooner shall scribbling * *Coffey* sue for Grace,
 Or dull † *Arbuckle's* weekly Labours cease.

AN NOT A T I O N S.

surreptitious Editions of this Poem) but better knew our Poet to penetrate into the Medullar causes of things, for methinks there is a wide difference between one that thinks and one that only speaks Nonsense; a wise Man *per lapsum lingue* may throw out Nonsense; but to think Nonsense is a peculiar gift, a talent not to be acquir'd by Art, and as I may say, implanted on the minds of some of the favourites of Nature herself, who are therefore called Naturals.

Ver. 121. Well does *Grimace*, &c. The doctrine of Physiognomy is what hath been always maintained, whence the Latin Adage, *Vultus est index animi*, is daily quoted, and certain it is, that the Countenance of a *Felon* at the Bar has often been the strongest Evidence against him. 'Tis from this received Opinion that *Dryden* in his Fable of *Cymon* and *Iphigenia* has introduced the former Witnessing—his Wonder with an Idiot Laugh. And we find that *Homer* to express Impudence, has used the Epithet *Κυρώνης*. How far these Remarks may be applicable to the *Censor's* Circumstances, is best known to those, that have had Eyes, to see, and Ears, to hear him.

Ver. 123. *Sardonic Smiles*. Hear *Servius* upon this. *In Sardinia nascitur quedam verba, que Sardoia dicitur: hac commesa ora hominum rictus dolore contrahit, & quasi ridentes interimit: unde vulgo Σαρδίνιον γέλωσ* Sooner

* Two notorious Scriblers, one as remarkable for bad Verse, as the other for bad Prose.

Sooner shall ——— outshine a Barber's Block,
 — rise at six, and ——— think like *Locke*.

135 Yet with unhallow'd Feet in endless Round,
 You boldly trespass on poetick Ground,
 Profane the Flowers, and Pollute the Strain
 Of *Homer*, *Horace*, and the *Montuan Swain*;
 Lost to Reproof, tho' *Pallas* shakes her Spear,
 140 And * *Rhabus* often threats to pull thy Ear;
 As when a sluggish *Afs*, whom Hunger leads
 To Fields of bladed Corn, or verdant Meads,
 Feeds on, nor values the collected Noise,
 Of *Peasants*, *Mastives*, *Curs* and *Village-boys*:

145 They wave their Clubs, and plentifully pour
 Fast on his groaning Sides, a wooden Show'r:

Yet

ANNOTATIONS.

* So *Virgil* ——— *Mibi Gymbius aurem*
 Vellit ———

As when a sluggish *Afs*, &c. doubtless our Author had the following *Simile* of *Homer's* in view, where the passive Courage of *Ajax* is liken'd unto that of an *Afs*; yet verily, it is much more happily apply'd to our Hero.

Ως δ' ὅτ' ὄνος παρ' ἀρουραν ἰὼν ἐκίστατο παῖδας

Νωδῆς, ὃ δὴ πολλὰ περὶ ἔσπ' αὐτοῖς ἔαγε.

Καί τ' ἐπὶ λαῶν βαδὺ λήιον ἦ δὲ τὸ παῖδας

τύπτουσιν ἐπ' αὐτοῖς, βίη δ' ἐπὶ αὐτῶν.

Ἐπὶ δ' ἔξ' αὐτῶν, ἐπὶ τ' ἐκρίνατο βορέης.

Iliad 11. *Lennelavins.*

Yet *He*, tho' much he bears, and much he
 (bleeds,
 Mocks their united Rage, and *bears*, and *feeds*.
 But know, O thou of undiscerning *Head*,
 530 With Front of *Brass*, and Intellects of *Lead*,
 Not all the Time you squander to explore,
 Thro' dark *Meanders*, *Nature's* Mystic Store,
 Nor *Globe*, nor *Glass*, nor any *Instrument*
 That * *Senex* forms, or *Helsbam* can invent ;
 Not

A N N O T A T I O N S.

Not all the time you squander, &c. *tu nihil invita dice*
faciesve Minervâ.—saith *Horace* ; and yet how frequently do
 we observe this Precept transgress'd, to the great Detriment
 of Society, whose Interest terminates in a proper Application
 of the Talents of its several Members? 'Tis from this In-
 fringement upon Nature, that the Publick is often depriv'd of
 good *Coblers*, jolly *Tinkers*, full-fed *Aldermen*, lusty *Dray-men*,
 and able *Butchers* ; is it not a matter of daily Experience,
 that some by perusing Books abuse them, when they might
 have been better employ'd in binding them for the use of
 others? This Misapplication of Parts is well express'd in a
Pasquinade ; which was fix'd to the *Censor's* Door.

Lambinus.

A Curse on him, that sent thee first to School,
 He spoil'd a *Plow-man*, to improve a *Fool*.

————— *tellus inarata quiescit.* ————— *Virg.* —————

————— *Desuntque manus poscentibus arvis.* ————— *Luc.* —————

Suf.

* A celebrated Mathematical Instrument-maker in London.

155 Not all thy busy Schemes, and sage Device
Of reading *Books*, and suffocating *Mice*,
Can make thy Learning, or thy Sense extend
Beyond thy old, *Id Velim*, in the end.
So have I seen upon a Sign display'd,
160 Aloft in Air, a *Horse* with *Wings* array'd,
Which (as Sir *Toby* said) appear'd to Prance
Progressive still, but never cou'd advance,
And yet some good we boast some learned few,
Such as *Old Athens* wou'd not blush to view;
165 And ye uninfluenc'd Few, whose candid Hearts
Disdain the practice of inglorious Arts;
Who thro' the Paths of Virtue follow Praise
And value Merit, in the worst of Days;

Who

ANNOTATIONS.

Suffocating *Mice*, &c. among the various Entertainments of the *Censor's*, the choaking *Mice* in an Air-Pump is no inconsiderable one.

So have I seen, &c. resembling this, is the *Simile* illustrating the Character of *Sidrophel* in *Hudibras*, but with greater justice, applicable to the *Censor*:

He as a Dog that turns the Spir,
Bestirs himself and plies his Feet
To climb the Wheel, but all in vain,
His own Weight drags him down again,
And still is in the self-same Place,
Where at his setting out he was, &c. *Hudibras*.

Gronovius

The CENSORIAD.

Who view with mournful, but indignant Eyes,
 170 The Coxcomb triumph, and the *Blockhead* rise,
 Who blush to think, that *Alma* shou'd advance,
 A *Dolt* from *Eng - d*, or an *Ape* from *France*.
 While old *Iernes's* Progeny bewail,
 Her Genius languish in the lighter Scale.
 175 Forgive my *Satyr*, and indulge my Spleen,
 So may your Fame be safe, your Laurels green,
 Tho' bad the Numbers are, the *Satyr's* just,
 You can't deny one Line, and yet -- I must.

 VARIE

VARIAE LECTIONES

*Excerptæ ex eruditissimis Commentariis
Ric Bentleii, Lud. Theobaldi,
Nec non Leonardi Welstedii.*

Ver. 14. 15. } Who teach unpolish'd Monsters to declaim,
And servile Hearts to tremble at a Theme.

I have seen this in an old Manuscript, written thus,

Who teach unfledged Monsters to declaim,
And servile Hearts to tremble at a Name.

Unfledged! Barbarous! Gothick! improper! being only peculiar to *Fowl*! I shou'd rather conclude, *Rude* was the Original Epithet, but that a Monosyllable wou'd not answer the Measure of the Verse, but trembling at a *Name*, in the subsequent Line is entirely spurious and vernacular.

Bentleius.

Ver. 25. And fickle as the Beast, &c. I have read it in the *Grub-street* Manuscripts thus, Thoughtfully dull, and rudely insincere: But this we thought proper not to preserve, it seeming admitted more for its verity, than the beauty of the Versification.

Welstedius.

Ver. 29. For Imbu'd Lege, Indu'd or Endu'd. *Theobaldus.*

Ver. 31. To curb the Sallies, &c. I have seen *Curb* for *Curb* in a certain Copy, but this is an Error too obvious to be overseen by any Reader of tolerable Understanding.

Bent.

Ver. 44. ———— lays Snares for *Redicule*, &c. *Redicule*! *Kakography*! an Error of the last Concoction! this must have been a blunder of the Editors. Blot out that (*e*) boldly, and supply it with (*i*)

Theob.

Ver. 53. He boldly stagger'd, &c. in an antient Edition is written

written swagger'd, which appears to be more Correspondent to the *Censor's* Person, were he not in Liquor.

Welftedine.

Ver. 99. 100. } To sooth his Dolours with Nutation bland,
Thrice o'er his Temples shook her Magick
(Wand,

I shall only offer in this Place, a conjectural Emendation, which seems not unnatural.

To sooth his Sorrows with Lethargick Nod,
Thrice o'er his Temples shook her Magick Rod.

Theobaldus.

Ver. 132. — dull *Arbuckle's* weekly *Labours* cease, &c.

All the Copies amazingly disagree in the different Lectons of this Line; in some it is weekly *Tribunes*, in others weekly *Nonsense*, in others weekly *Journals*; but methinks the Word *Labours*, implys all the Degrees of bad Writing, for which this Author daily distinguishes himself.



MARTINE

A MODEST
DEFENCE
OF

Mr. *Griffin*-n.

BEING AN
ANSWER
TO THE
CENSORIAD.

*Defensoribus istis
Tempus eget*

Virg. *Æn.*

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MDCCXXX, D

A MODEST

DEFENCE

OF

MR. C. W.

BEING AN

AMER



THE

GENSORD.

Wm. Wm.

Defence of

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MDCCLXXIX.



(A)

A MODEST
DEFENCE

OF
Mr. G—n, &c.

O What a sad Age of Corruption we live in,
When pennyless Poets so lowly are given!
Behold with what Spirit of Malice they drive

All Stations promiscuous, both publick and private!

'T wou'd make a Man crazy, to see at what rate here

They plague us with Libels, Lampooning and Satire;

If a Person of Business, of Credit, and Worth,

Be bulky, and tipsy, and dull, and so forth;

He cannot pass by, but he suddenly meets

His Talents, bespater'd in dirty half-Sheets.

*Ye double-chin'd Aldermen, evermore witty,
And You, that with white-Red afrighten the City;
Are ye not well paid to remove the Town-dirt?
Then why will ye suffer such Dabblers to flirt?*

Let other Men think what they will of the Times;
I cannot think well of their damnable Rhymes,
I say, such a Clan of Poetical Toads
Are worse than your Fellows, that rob on the Roads;
To them if you tamely surrender your self,
Your Person they spare, tho' they plunder your Pelf,
And this you may chance to retrieve by the Bounty
Of Christians, or swearing a Tax on the County:
But once you lye under an evil Asperision,
You never can hope for a *Fame in Reversion.*

In his Heart and his Pencil of Poison what Store he had
Who wrote such a Song as the wicked *Censoriad*?
A Song where each Line and each Note raise a Laugh on
The poor, inoffensive, good-natur'd *Hugh Gr——n*!
In right of whose Honour my Pen I shall brandish,
While Brain's in my Noddle or Ink in my Standish.

You

You dull Poetafter, what Reason had you,
 To Scribble, and be so severe upon *Hugh*?
 To fall upon *Hugo*, a Person so *harmless*,
 Was drawing your Weapons on one, that was *armless*.

Had he libel'd the State; had he once in a Journal,
 Or other such scandalous Paper diurnal,
 But publish'd his Labours, it had been less matter,
 You might have some Privilege then to bespatter;
 But since we have very good Reason to guess,
 A Sheet of his never yet burthen'd the Press;
 Since he has offended not one of his betters
 In scurvy Invectives, or Letters on Letters;
 Nor written * a Sonnet, nor grated the Ears
 Of *Phœbus* with any impertinent Pray'rs;
 You might have been better employ'd, you must own,
 And let him, as he has let others, alone.

*Twas nothing but Malice, that prompted thee first,
 But what have you done now in doing your worst?

* Our Author seems to be very grossly mistaken; for it is reported he had no small Hand in the Songs of the *Beggar's Wedding*.

Thy Satyr of *Gr——* has lost all it's Edge;
 He cares not a Farthing for what you alledge,
 The *Moon*, in her Glory, reflects on the Water,
 While *Majstoes* are raising such *Hubbubs* still at her!
 Like them you may Bark on, and hurt him as soon
 For *Hugo's* as safe, as the Man in the Moon.

In vain you arraign him for wanting of Knowledge
 Is he not a Fellow—of *Tr—n—y C——ge*?
 In Manners you should not have so much reflected,
 A Man in his Station shou'd not be suspected.

Your Muse has related (for which I cou'd whip her)
 That he for an Handkerchief took up a Slipper;
 To take up a Slipper, a wonderful Wonder!
 And pray where's the Harm in so simple a Blunder?
 Contemplative Men are lost in strange Mazes,
 While their mind in the Field of Philosophy grazes,
 Ascending aloft, they shake off their dull Fetters,
 And leave common Sense to Men of low Letters.
 To *Hugo* you cannot impute that a Shame,
 Which, rightly consider'd, enhances his Fame;

His

His Thoughts were employ'd in a loftier Sphere,
 In *squaring a Circle*, or *building in Air*.
 Great *Newton*, whom Envy can never besoul,
 Was *Phoenix* of Science; capacious his Soul,
 Like *Pompey's* transported to Regions of Day,
 Disdain'd to be ty'd to a Mansion of Clay,
 Yet smoaking his Pipe once, however improper,
 He us'd his Friend's Finger, instead of a Stopper.
 But hold, quoth a Critic, however commodious
 The Parallel, yet the Comparison's odious:
 Is this, quoth another, the way you confute one?
 Consider, that this was the Blunder of *Newton*—
 And this was the Blunder of *Gr——n*—what then?
 A Blunder's a Blunder, and both were but Men.

— You talk of his Tipling: A Glass of good Wine
 Cou'd never offend him——so sound a Divine!
 Full Bumpers of *Claret* give Speech to our Tongues,
 Enliven our *Spirits*, and strengthen our Lungs:
 Old *Cato* the *Censor*, and great *Aristotle*
 Were Lovers of Learning, yet Friends to the Bottle.
 That *Hugo* is beaten by one he engages
 At Boxing, you tell us in two or three Pages.

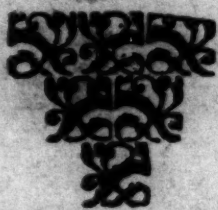
So poor Mr. Gr—— was drubb'd—and what then, Sir?
 A Drubbing has oft been the Fate of great Men, Sir;
 And was it his Fault, if his Foe was the stronger,
 Was nimbler, and younger, and held out the longer?
 He fought while he cou'd, and behav'd himself gallant,
 And who cou'd do more, were he ever so valiant?

*Tho' Fortune is fickle, the Honour's the same,
 To give or receive in the Battle a Maim,
 Some in the Engagement are beaten, and some beat,
 Then as equal the Toil, so the Glory of Combat.
 'Tis he, that won't fight, that deserves to be branded,
 Not he, who, tho' sure of a Drubbing, wou'd stand it,
 And thus having finish'd the Task of Defendant,
 I put, without Name, a bold Dash at the End on't.*



VARIOUS

VARIOUS
REMARKS
ON THE MODEST
DEFENCE.



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REMARKS

ON THE MODEST

DEFEAT



DUBLIN:

0

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MOORE, J. H.

0



To the well-minded READER,
Health, Wealth, Increase of pro-
found Sapience, and long length
of Days, wisheth *A. B.*

Kind, and Courteous READER,

IT may not be altogether Supervacaneous and un-
seemly, to animadvert, that the following pithy
and profitable Illustrations in the *Latin* Tongue,
were communicated unto me by my Laborious and
Learned Friend, *Skirtsfleiskius*, Professor of Divi-
nity at *Leyden*, and Adept in the occult Sciences:
In very truth he certifieth unto me, that he found them
in a *Moth-eaten* Fragment of a very aged MS. reposit-
ed in the Literatory of the famous *Heinsius*. As to the Fa-
ther of such well-favoured Offsprings, the Literati are
in great doubt and Hesitation: Howbeit my Friend
conjectureth them to have been written in the time of
Pope *Leo* the IXth. by the Analysis of certain Capital
Letters in a Chronogrammatick Poem, written in Praise
of his Holiness, by one *Rhythmo-Romanus*, an eminent
Monk in those Days of Poetry, which was Bound in a
Piece of black Sheep-Skin, together with these our *Latin*
Notes.

Notes. My Friend did also favour me with a Fragment of *The Modest Defence*, in *Latin Hexameter Rhyme*, being a Translation of the first Distichon of the Poem, Bound in the said Sheep-Skin: The Lines run thus,

*O quali Lævo damnati vivimus ævo,
Cum turpes Vates audent offendere Nates!*

Defunt cætera.

This strengthens my Opinion, in co inciding with my Friend; howbeit *Polyglottus* (in *Tomo Vigesimo opusculorum*) seemeth to gainsay it: Verily I am of Belief, that the said Numerical *Rythmo-Romanus* wrote the Notes, and Translated the whole Poem.

And now full Sorry I am, that *Time* the Destroyer and Devourer both of *Censors* and *Censoriads*, hath been so invidious to Posterity, as to leave us so little of the Notes and Versification: However, studious *Lector*, content thy self with these few Golden Remains, rescued from the preying Teeth of greedy *Moths*, and the squint-ey'd Malevolence of former Ages, and if, peradventure, hereafter I may lay mine Hands on more of them, by delving and scrutinizing into the Ruins of Antiquity, you may expect them in another Edition: In the mean while, rest you in Peace and Tranquillity; for so prayeth your Friend in Verity,

The EDITOR.

P. S. Just as I had put an end unto my Preface, I receiv'd a Collection of Animadversions in the Vulgar Tongue, which in Friendly wise I shall link unto the *Latin* ones, (and certes they are cunningly and craftily enough compiled) principally for the Glee and Improvement of my Fair Readers, of modest Deportment.

N. B. I would have render'd the *Latin* Notes into *English*, but that I would not deprive the Beaus of an opportunity of shewing their Learning to the Ladies.

I N-

INCERTI AUTHORIS.

(Quotquot extant) *Animadversiones.*

O what a sad Age, &c.) *Optimum sane exordium; exclamatio simul indignantis et irascentis; qui quidem mos apud optimos olim Poëtas, in Satiris componendis, imo et oratores quoq; plurimum valuit: Sic enim Juvenalis in ipso operis limine contra sui Scriptores seculi invehitur.*

Semper ego Auditor tantum? &c.

Et alibi.

Ecce iterum Crispinus!

Sic et Cicero in Catilinam. Quousq; tandem abutere patientiâ nostrâ? &c.

Ye double chin'd Aldermen, &c.) *Pingues sc. ingenio. Metonymia externi objecti ad internum; Materialitatis ad immaterialitatem. Nec injuriâ quidem, quoniam Aldermanni plerumq; sunt obesi tam mente, quam cute.*

And you that with White-Rod, &c.) *Periphrasis, per quam describitur Prætor Urbanus, Angl. Lord Mayor, cujus Authoritatis insignia, sunt Aurata Catena & alba virgulta: hæc etenim tantum populo terroris immittit, quantum illa gestanti honoris affert.*

You never can hope, &c.) *Non prorsus huic absimile Illud horatianum.*

— *Nec amissos colores*

Lana refert Medicata fuco.

Cætera desiderantur.

A Continuation of Notes, by way of Supplement to the former.

But once you lye under, &c.) This Observation may hold in a general Sense, but certainly not in the Case before us; and Crubins stedfastly cleaveth unto mine Opinion, who affirmeth, that the Word hath determin'd this Line only to such Persons as have (as one may say) accidentally given occasion to Lampoons, and not to such, as have
or

or ought to have been the Subject of many, during the whole Tenor of their Lives.

Faber.

Drawing your Weapons, &c.) This is sufficiently illustrated by a Passage in the *Censoriad*, Page 4. Line 9. and here give me Leave to offer a cursory Emendation of the preceding Line, viz. *Too bulky grown, to pass unnotic'd by,*) 'tis only here (if with Modesty I may speak it) that the former Commentators have shewn their blind sides. Marvellous it is to me, that Men of such sharp-sighted Sagacity, and profound Penetration, shou'd not have known, that so learned an Author as *Martin* could never have written a Word so inapplicable to the present Purpose as *unnotic'd*; certainly *unbeeded* was the Original *Epithet*, however it hath been supplanted by the other; the former seemeth to imply little more than that a Person is *not known*; but the latter giveth us to understand, that a Man is thoroughly known, and with this Aggravation, that he is for that Reason despised.

Lubin.

On one that was armless, &c.) The Word *armless* is taken in it's Predicamental or full Extent, being no way limited by the Subject. Howbeit, it is altogether cruel and inhuman in a Christian Country, that a Personage shou'd be libel'd, who would have been canonized for a Saint in *Morocco*.

Albertus Mag.

Since he has offended not one of his Betters,) Why did he not say the same of him, in regard to his Inferiors?

Rick.

In scurvy Invectives, &c.) Our Author seemeth here to play the *Sophister*, as if his being *Dormant* or *A-la-Mort*, in the

the Capacity of a Writer, argu'd him so, in that of an Agent and Speaker.

Rivius.

—Or *Letters on Letters*, &c.) of which Species were the late elaborate Pieces of Poesy, address'd to D. D—y and D. S—t, but for my part I see no just cause of Complaint against such innocent Compositions, which answer to St. *Jerom's* Version of the Apocryphal Phrase, denounced on the wicked, *Nascentes Morimur*, they no sooner begin to be, but draw nigh unto their end. So Transitory, alas! is the Date of them, that, instead of Monuments, that Triumph over Time and Fire, they may, with all Propriety, be call'd Bills of Mortality.

Antonius Goveanus.

Thy Satyr on Gr— has lost all its edge, &c.) not unlike to this is the *Offendet Solido* of *Horace*.

—As *safe as the Man in the Moon*, &c.) Vide *Fontenelle's* Plurality of Worlds.

Again you Arraign him, &c.) } our Author here uses
Is he not a Fellow, &c.) } that convincing Method of reasoning, which Mr. *Locke* calleth *Argumentum ad verecundiam*: And (to give our *University* the greatest *Encomium*) I might affirm upon the Word of an Author, that since the Days of the learned *Usher*, it never had so many Originals, so many unreading Judges, and so many unjudging Writers. But more of this in another Treatise.

Great *Newton*, whom Envy can never besoul,
 Was *Phœnix* of Science; capacious his Soul,
 Like *Pompey's* transported to Regions of Day,
 Disdain'd to be ty'd to a Mansion of Clay.

These

These Lines bear a Semblance of the following in the beginning of the 9th Book of *Lucan's Pharsalia*.

*At non in Phariâ manes jacuere favillâ,
Nec cinis exiguus tantam compefcuit umbram ;
Profiliit buſto, ſemiuſtaq; membra relinquens,
Degeneremque rogum, ſequitur convexa Tonantis.*

The reſt of the Poem, being ſo plain and concluſive needs no Gloſs or Comment.

F I N I S.



THRENODIA:

OR, AN

ELEGY

On the unexpected and unlamented

DEATH

OF THE

CENSOR:

TOGETHER

With some Account of his Last *Will* and
Testament : All faithfully collected from
the Genuine MSS. in the *Grub-street* *Va-*
tican.

Grassianus, animam exhalavit optima, *pinguis tentus omaso*
Virg.

Written Originally by *Martin Gulliver*, and now revis'd
and publish'd by the Commentator on the *Genforiad*.

Printed in the Year 1730.

Right Marvailous (gentyl *Reader*) Hath been the Success of my Lucubratiouns heretofore; yea verily, and moche pleasure hath mine Heart Y... gathered, and grete console hath it afoorded my mynde, to perceive, that in vayn mine Oyl hath not been expended, but that haply my Labours have liked thee well. Howbeit, me-seemeth, that the oddness of the Subject Pricketh thee most; nathless, if thou hast Joyance, and I Com-mendacioun thereby, I am content.. Which Observacioun remindeth me of an auncient Statuary, hight *Crytias*, who gotten hem moche rychels, and gode name, by welly-carving the lykeness of an *Ass*; and eke of *Cra-tander Thebanus*, who gotten hem grete Ad-my-racioun, for the jocund, and peerless pro-traiture of a *Sir-reveraunce*.

Certes, right felicitous shall I be deemed yf in gode part thou accepteest this my poore Studye, and desyrous minde, in reducyng into Light this *auncient* piece of *Poesy*, whyche it were over Pyteous to have been in any poynt Lost, maimed, falsyfied or contemned. *Reader*, that thou mayst as moche delyte in the perusal thereof, as I in the Compylement, witheth,

Thine with all Tendernefs.

The Commentator.





THRENODIA:

OR, AN

ELEGY, &c.

EPITAPHIUM.

Eterna memoria Censoris, Trin. Coll. Dub. Dicitur.

Mortuus hoc tandem tumulo Graffana quiescis,

Ingenio Levior sit tibi terra tuo.

Men:

YE Writers of Satire, ye Whips of the Times,
Ye dealers in Doggrel, ye taggers of Rimes,
Ye scourges of Dullness, ye bold Pamphleteers
Who spare not the Vices of *Fellows*, or *P—rs*,
Ye fool-hating Authors of ev'ry degree,
Ye Hawkers of Scandal, come mourn with me;
With me, O Lament, for the *Censor* deceas'd,
Who dy'd, as he's said to have liv'd, *Like a Beast*;
O spread it to *Albion*, where it is said he
Is famous, as Dullness can make him, already:

Thro'

Thro' the streets of *Eblana* let News-cryers roar,
That *Hugo*, the Blunderful *Hugo's* no more.

By the *Wags* in the College, 'tis constantly said,
That magical Studies disorder'd his Head ;
They ground their Conjecture on this one Remark,
That whoe'er he convers'd with, was left in the dark.

The Action suppos'd to have hast'ned his Fate,
Let *Ierne* attend, and the Muse shall relate.
He read of a * *Dervise* who nimbly cou'd Shoot
His Soul, with a Word, into each other Brute,
This Art, with impatience he labour'd to find,
It kill'd his Repose, and distracted his Mind,
Till at Last with hard-plodding, and Study unsound,
This wonderful Secret was happily found :
But eager, an Art so surprizing to try,
He fix'd on an *Ass* that by chance trotted by,
The Word was pronounc'd, the Soul instantly fled,
And down dropt the Carcass of *Gr—ff—n* as dead :
The Soul from its Lubberly Mansion releast,
Grew pleas'd with a Dwelling so much to *It's* Taste.
Before, while imprison'd, 'twas tortur'd in vain
To work on a stupid insensible Brain,
Condemn'd for whole Years over *Euclid* to pore,
And remain, O surprising! as Wise as before,
Or plagu'd and benumb'd with inordinate Drinking,
Seem'd cram'd in a Carcase to keep it from Stinking :
But now, in a thrice, of *It's* Punishments eas'd,
Might Saunter, or Bray, or be Dull as *It* pleas'd ;

* This Story is told in one of the Persian Tales, and is
from thence quoted by the Spectator.

It may be condemn'd and abus'd, but not more
Than *It* patiently suffer'd in *Gr—ff—n* before,
So, Prudent for once, rather chose to reside
With innocent Dullness, than Folly and Pride.

The Story sounds odd, so I shall not insist on't,
But leave the kind Readers to think what they list on't.

Who dies by the Rope, without Last-Speech, or
(Poem,
Or some such kind Methods to make the Town know
(him?)

What high-pamper'd *Alderman* loaded with Liquor
And Vices, can peacefully go to *Old Nick*, or
A contrary Place, which they seldom arrive at,
For courting Intemp'rance in Publick and Private,
I say, what fat *Alderman* dies, but you meet
His *Elegy* instantly bawl'd thro' the Street?

And shall the fam'd *Censor* unnotic'd lie Dead,
Tho' as Fat as a *Justice* in Paunch and in Head?
Shall He, and his Talents so soon be forgotten,
E'er his Carcase is grown, like his Principles, rotten?
The *Muse* shall forbid it, transmitting his Merits,
As the Curious, for Show, preserve Monsters in Spirits.

Oh! what is become of thy Countenance sleek,
The *Leer*, and the *Folly* that dwelt on thy Cheek!
Thy *Quibbles*, thy *Puns*, thy *Invectives*, thy *Jesting*,
Those Arts, which the Genius of *Hugo* was best in;
Thy broad-spreading *Grin*, and the unstinging *Gibe*
So highly ador'd by the Fools of thy Tribe;
Thy *Blunders* which kept all the Board in a Roar.
All these are Extinct—, and their Parent no more.

If

If *Wit* only serves to make other Folks laugh on,
 Why—thus much was caus'd by the *Follies* of *Gr-f-f*;
 And, if this be the Case, who wou'd be at the Pains
 To Torture with Learning a handful of Brains,
 To Thrash at old Authors from Morning till Night,
 To Labour for Years to be Wise and Polite;
 Since he, with Assurance, Conceit, and Grimace,
 With a *Sneer*, and an aukward Distortion of Face,
 Tho' Thoughtless, and Brainless, and dull from his Birth,
 Cou'd, as well as the *Witty*, excite us to Mirth.

When assaulted by Death, who's commission'd to Strike
 Both the *Peer*, and the *Fool*, and the *Follies* alike,
 With a Sigh, and a Groan he was heard to Invoke
 His best-belov'd *Goddeffs* of *Dullness*, and Spoke.

" O *Goddeffs*, thou Foe to the Learned and Wise,
 " By whom I have grown to this Station and Size,
 " O thou, who with Care o'er my Infancy hung,
 " And form'd ev'ry Sentence that dropt from my Tongue,
 " Whose Hand, with a Parent's Affection, hath spread
 " O'er the Mind of thy Offspring thy Mantle of Lead;
 " Hath stamp'd thy own Mark on whatever I Writ,
 " And gave me immortal Aversions to Wit,
 " As thy Influence always my Intellects blest,
 " O Hear, and Comply with this single Request,
 " Transform me when Dead, and bid far-flying *Fame*
 " Then give me, (what, Living, I want,) a good Name!

He ceas'd; and the half of his whimsical Pray'r
 Was heard; but the other dissolv'd into Air.

The Goddess, to grant what her fav'rite requested,
 His Corps of it's Ornaments quickly divested,
 Thrice breath'd on his Face, and surrounded with Shade,
 To * ESSEX-STREET nimbly the Body convey'd,
 Then mutter'd, and did what a fond Parent cou'd,
 And with easy Transition it chang'd into *Wood*,
 Transform'd to a Station that suited him most,
 Exalted, and stuck with his Head to a *Post*.
 The Curious, are constantly crowding to view
 The wooden Remains of the much-injur'd *Hugh*,
 With a prominent Paunch, and a sad-featur'd Face,
 Thro' which all his manifold Follies they trace,
 And hope, his Successor, (as frequent the Case is,)
 May Inherit his *Dullness* as well as his *Places*.

* *This is a Description of the Wooden-man in Essex-street ; and the justness of the Comparison, will appear to every one who is acquainted both with the Cenfor, and this his Wooden Representative.*

Courteous Reader,

NOT having Room in this Paper for his last Will and Testament, we must inform thee, that in a few Days it will be added to a new Edition of this Poem, when it will appear with several curious Annotations, and Remarks; and thereunto will be annexed a more Correct Edition of the *Censoriad* also; to which will be prefix'd the Life of MARTIN GULLIVER both in *Latin* and *English*.

F I N I S.

[7]

The Goddard, to grant what her five pressed,
 His Corps of it's Ominous quickly dissolved,
 Thrice brandish'd on his face, and surrounded with shade,
 To * Eux-stear nimbly the Body convey'd,
 Then murder'd, and did wane's fond Parent con-
 And with only Transition in chang'd invest-
 Transform'd to a Station that suited him more,
 Exalted, and back with his Head to a Post,
 The Curious, are constantly crowding to view
 The wooden Remains of the much-injur'd Mage,
 With a prominent Pile, I fear'd I pass'd,
 Two, which all his mortal they trace,
 And hope, his Successor in the Chair,
 May inherit his Dignity's Place.



* This is a Definition of the Wooden-man in Black,
 first; and the justice of the Comparison, will appear to
 every one who is acquainted with the Court, and the
 in Wooden Representation.

Curtain Raiser,

NOT having Room in this Paper for his last Will
 and Testament, we must inform thee, that in a
 few days it will be added to a new Edition of
 this Piece, which will appear with several curious
 Annotations, and Remarks; and therefore will be an-
 nected a more correct Edition of the Compendious; to
 which will be prefixed the Life of Martin Gutterman
 both in Latin and English.

FINIS

THE

(3)

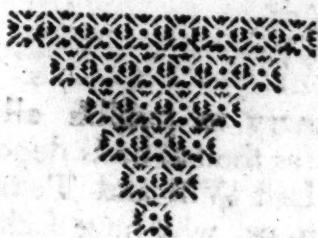
Last Will and Testament

OF THE

CENSOR:

AS

It hath been, with all Faithfulness,
collected from the Original MSS.



DUBLIN:

Printed, and Sold by GEORGE FAULKNER at the Pam-
phlet Shop. in *Essex-street*, opposite to the Bridge.



THE
Last Will and Testament
OF THE
CENSOR, &c.

IT being Customary to publish all the Works of a Great *Genius*, as soon as he is deposited in the Earth, ‡ even to his Last Will and Testament: It seemeth not improper to us, who have Laboured so incessantly to exalt the Character of the *Censor*, and make Posterity acquainted with him, (which in all Likelihood never would have happened, if our Affection for him, and unwearied Industry in transmitting him, had not in a manner snatch'd him from Obscurity and Oblivion ,) I say, *kind Reader*, it seemeth not improper to us, to gratify the
World

‡ *As may be seen before the* Mr. Prior, and several other English Authors.



World with a Curious and Impartial Account of his Behaviour in his last Moments.

As he was ever the most odd, inconsistent, Whimsical kind of Fellow breathing; he died nor, without leaving full Evidences of his continuing unaltered to the last.

It was his peculiar Opinion, that every Man had as good a right to dispose of his Good and Bad Qualities, the Virtues and Vices of which he was possess'd, as of his *Goods* and *Chattels*. The reason of this Opinion he would frequently communicate to his most intimate Friends; namely, that, from good Principles he could demonstrate, that every one had a just right to dispose of the Fruit of his Labours as he thought proper: Now he was convinc'd that both *Learning*, *Dullness*, *Luxury*, *Intemperance*, &c. were altogether the Effects of great Labour and Pains, for all these (except the first, which now-adays is but in small repute) he had experimented himself; and therefore resolv'd, several Days before his Transmutation, to bequeath whatever he could for the Benefit of his Friends, and this his Native Country.

Where this valuable MSS. hath lain for so many Years is still a Secret; we only can assure the World, that many Loads of learned Lumber were tumbled about, many *Libraries* (those *Sepulchres* of *Learning*, where Volumes rot away in great Quietness and Silence,) have been searched, vast Quantities of Dust, Moths, Bookworms, &c. have been displaced, in order to obtain this Piece of Antiquity, which, However imperfect, overpayeth us for the Fatigue in finding it. We have carefully extracted all that we here present to the World, from a Dusty Moth-eaten, Worm-holed Copy in the most Antient, and ever-renown'd *Grubstreet Vatican*, and we hope it will meet with kind Acceptance.

Curteous

Courteous Reader, take it as followeth:

I *Hugo Gr—ff—n* Fellow of the Society celebrated for the Propagation of Insolence and Luxury, finding my self extreemly Unsound both in Mind and Body, doin the following Manner bequeath unto my dear surviving Friends the several Gifts hereafter mentioned, charitably hoping that they will one Day have the Opportunity of obliging others in the same Manner:

Here the *Copier* taketh Notice of his Groaning and Grunting several Times, which was suppos'd to proceed from his reflecting on the small Stock of *Learning, Wisdom, Humility, &c.* which he had to divide among his Friends, tho' they were universally allowed to be in great Want of them.

Inprimis. **I** Leave——my Death upon the wicked Authors, Publishers, and Commentators of that fatal Poem, call'd the *CENSORIAD*, which was the first thing that ever made me asham'd of my self. Notwithstanding, I Accuse them not for publishing Falsities, but, for drawing my Picture so exactly, that I was known by every Reader, and made, if Possible, more Ridiculous than ever.

Item. I give to *F——R——* all the *Honesty* I ever was Master of, which, if any, is not one whit the worse for the using, it proving but of very small Service to one in my Station.

Item. I give my Dullness and Stupidity * * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * * Here the ancient Transcriber observ'd, that he made a long Pause, which was interpreted to be occasioned by his doubting who was fittest to be *Legatee* in this Case; and being Conscious that one great Part of the Heads of his Society were already overstock'd with it: But at length it fell to the Share of his Successor *D——'s*, and thus he proceeded.

Item.

Item. I give my *Brains*, if any such be discovered in me after my Decease, to the above-mentioned *F—R—*, who is generally reputed ~~to~~ to be very Defective on that Part.

Item. My whole Collection of *Blunders*, whether Pre-meditated, or Extemporaneous, I give to my good Friend Mr *D—*'s, who is to Succeed me, not doubting but he will one Day afford future Poets as large a Field for *Panegyrick* as his Predecessor.

Item. I request the said Mr. *D—*'s carefully to inspect my *Intellects* with his nicest *Microscopes*, and if it shall be his good fortune to spy the smallest Seeds of Sense or Understanding therein, let him reserve them for his own Use, as a Reward for the Enquiry.

Item. My Insolence, and Oppression of Inferiors, I give willingly to *F—R—* afore said: nor that I suspect him of having any Scarcity thereof; but, least that by practising these so incessantly as he does, his own Stock, tho' very great, may be worn out, and then he may have occasion for mine. But with this Restriction, that after his Decease, it shall devolve to his Successor.

Item. I give to * * * * *

Here the MSS was no longer Legible: *Time* and *Vermis* having made a Terrible, and never-enough-to-be-lamented Chasm therein, leaving the World in great Uncertainty, how he dispos'd of the rest of his singular Qualities, and scarce-to-be-parallel'd Absurdities. But *Reader*, Well it is that so much hath been recovered and produced into Light, and our Toils will sufficiently be rewarded, if it in any wise contributeth to thy Delight or Edification.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS TO THE THRENODIA.

EPITAPHIUM.

Ingenio Levior, &c. } GREAT Variance amongst Criticks and Commentators hath this Line occasioned, some affirming that it alludes to the Great *Levity* and *Volatility* of the *Censor's* Mind, and that the Sense of the Line is no more than a Prayer of the Poet's, *that the Earth may be lighter, if possible, to him than his natural Disposition.* Others again affirm, that it is only a wish excited by Compassion and Tenderness for the *Censor*, the Poet affectionately praying, *that the Earth may be lighter to him than his Wit, Understanding or Genius, &c.* because otherwise he seems apprehensive, that it must be an immense Weight upon him. But Reader, we shall not undertake to decide this Matter unto thee, both being equally true and expressive.

Heins.

Ye writers of Satire.) Ever Customary hath it been among the Ancients, to begin their *Elegiacks* with Invocations, as well as our Author. So *Moschus* Id. 3. on *Bion*.

Αἰλιναί μοι σοναχεῖτε ναῖπα, καὶ Δώριον ὕδωρ,
καὶ ποταμοὶ κλαῖετε τὸν ἡμερόεντα βίωνα,
νῦν εὐτά μοι μῦθεα, καὶ αἶσα νῦν γοῶσιθε.

Mos.

Bold Pamphleteers, &c. } It seemeth, faith wise *Chry-*
Who spare not the Vices, &c. } *sagoras* in his excellent Book of *Ethicks*, that Persons in high Stations have some kind of right to be vicious, because, doubtless they can plead Precedents in all their Predecessors: and therefore the Epithet *Bold* seemeth to be well applied; because correcting Vice in a Great Man, is (in a very unpractis'd and unapprov'd Manner) to prefer the Love of Virtue to the Hope

Hope of Advancement. Yet Pamphleteers in this Age seem to increase in Audaciousness, and, directly contrary to the Opinion of our Moralist, have dar'd to censure publicly even an *E*—*s* *D*—*n*, only for committing a *R*—*pe*, tho' his being in Drink, as he religiously alledges, ought, methinks, to be esteem'd a sufficient Apology, Especially for one in his Station.

Heins.

O Goddess, &c.) We may well suppose that this Speech to the Goddess of Dullness hath been translated into several Languages, since the Translation of it into Leonine Verse hath been still preserved.

*O Dea prudentes, pariterque exosa scientes,
Cui simul efflatum ventrem, cui debeo Statum;
Qua mihi nascenti ridebas ore faventi,
Atq; pubescentis fingebas verba loquentis;
Qua circum lumbum, circum praeordia plumbum
Tarda Sacerdotis sternebas chara nepotis;
Nostra tuis illis Signasti scripta sigillis,
Atq; sales vanos Monuisti odisse profanos!
Ut, quam formasti, mentem gravitate beasti,
Hoc Saltem fienti votum concede Clienti:
Damnatus aforti, quoniam Succumbere morti
Cogor; casuram libeat mutare figuram;
Nec dicar Stultus, vivus cen, quando Sepultus.*

He ceas'd and one half, &c.) This seemeth to be an apt Imitation of *Homer*. II. 16. v. 249.

*Ως ἴσαλ' εὐχόμενος. τῷ δ' ἔκλυε μήματα Ζεύς.
Τῷ δ' ἑτερον μὲν ἔδωκε πατὴρ, ἑτερον δ' ἀνέριον.*

And in the same Manner *Virgil*. Lib. II. v. 794.

Audiit et Voti Phœbus succedere partem,

Mente dedit; partem volucres dispersit in auras. *Turneb.*

And surrounded with Shade, &c.) *Homer* in like manner maketh *Venus* preserve her Favorite *Paris* as the Goddess of Dullness is describ'd protecting her own undoubted Offspring.

—*Tor*

Τὸν δ' Ἐξήρπαξ.
 Ποῦ μάλ' ὦς Θεοῦ ἐνταυτοῖς δ' αὖ ἤξει πῶλλ'.

Hein :

Two Notes by way of Supplement to the Modest Defence.

If a Person of Business, &c.) In an ancient MSS. this Line is read differently, which we here thought meet to Transcribe.

If a Person of Credit, be Foggy, and Fat,
 And Stupid, and Tipsy, and Dull, and all That ;
 ! But good Reader, both are applicable enough, and thou
 hast Variety.

Faber.

Your Satire on Gr—ff—, &c.) There is also a various Reading of this Distichon, in the said MSS, viz.

Your Satire on G—ff—n is nothing at most,
 But toiling to thrash an insensible Post.

And this Reading, indeed, we have several Inducements to adhere to, were it not that we have always been careful to avoid Interpolations of any Kind.



FINIS.

I N D E X.

N. B. The first Figure stands for the *Page*, the second for the *Line*. The Letter C. refers to the *Censoriad*, D. to the *Defence*, and *Thren.* to the *Elegy*.

	Cen.	Def.	Thre.
A <i>Rbuckle</i> , his weekly Labours	16 ult.		
— <i>A notorious Scribler</i>	ibid.		
— Remarkable for bad Verse and Prose	ibid.		
— His weekly <i>Tribunes</i>	ibid.		
— alias weekly Nonsense.	ibid.		
— A dull Writer against <i>Ireland</i>	17 24		
— Elegantly compar'd to a <i>Canker</i> , to a <i>Scavenger</i> , to the Devil upon two Sticks.	ibid.		
<i>Afs.</i> the <i>Censor</i> artfully compar'd to one	9		16
— One beaten by <i>Clowns</i> , to the <i>Censor</i> .	17 9		4 14
— A well adapted Habitation for the Soul of <i>Gr—n</i>			

Beggar's

B.	Cen.	Def.	Thre.
B eggars <i>Wedding</i> very much enlarged and improved by the <i>Censor</i> .		5 ult.	
<i>Blockheads</i> , their Encouragement in T. C. D. Remarkable.	20 2		
— <i>Envyers</i> of Men of Genius; apparent in <i>Arbuckle</i> , <i>Gr—n</i> , and others of their Rank.	ibid.		
<i>Brain</i> . very defective in the <i>Censor</i> .	11		6
—Entirely lost in <i>Arbuckle</i> and <i>J—R—Bently</i> (Dr.) a most wretched, trifling, affected Letter-hunting <i>Commentator</i> .	ibid. 21		
C.			
C <i>ensor</i> modern, an <i>Ape</i> of the Antient one	4 6		
—The fittest object for Censure	5 6		
—Compar'd to a Quack	7 ult.		
— <i>Officious</i> , <i>Fawning</i> , <i>Faction</i> , <i>Trifling</i> , <i>Doltish</i> , <i>Brainless</i> , <i>Grinful</i> , <i>Leering</i> , <i>Sneering</i> , <i>Insolent</i> , <i>Blunderful</i> , &c.	in many Pages of this Collection.		
—Compar'd elegantly to a <i>Snail</i> ,	8 8		
—To the Man in the <i>Moon</i>		6 6	
—Poor, <i>Innoffensive</i> , <i>Good-natur'd</i>		4 18	
<i>College</i> . The present Throne of Dullness	30		
—Beautifully compar'd to a Ship with bad Pilots	ibid.		
—No Nest of <i>Conjurers</i> as the <i>Vulgar</i> once imagined	ibid.		
<i>Coffey</i> . a <i>Scribler</i> .	16		

Dean

D.

Cen.

Def.

Thre.

Dean E—b publickly abus'd only
for committing a R—pe. *Vide.*
Notes to *Tbren*.

—Piously excuses his little Misde-
meanour by being Drunk *ibid.*

Dullness, justly attributed to the
Censor in almost every Page

Drubbing, a very desperate one
conferr'd on the Censor

9: 2

F.

Folly. Incurrigible in *Hugo*

—Unparell'd. *Vide Cens. Gr—n.*
Hugo, Arbuckle. Cum multis aliis.

31

ibid.

G

G R—ff—n a thinker of Nonsense
—Drubb'd

14: 14

12.

—Transform'd into the *Wooden*

Man, which it is said now dis-

chargesall rational Offices every

whit as well as the Living *Wood*

Plura Vide under *Afs*, Dolt, Dul-

ness, Folly, Stupidity

Grimace. The Censor excellent in it.

32

7

6

H

H *Ugo. Vide* Folly, Dullness

I

I *Nsolence.* A reigning Academick
Vice at present

—A necessary Qualification of a
Modern *F—l—w*

32

The
Will.

—Very much cultivated by G—n;
 7—, R—, and many others }
 with great Success.
Ignorance. Vid G—n.

ibid.

L.

L *Augb. Laughing-Stock. Vide* }
Hugo

Learning. The Conflict between it
 and the *Censor*, in which it was
 entirely vanquish'd, and expell'd
 out of the University. }
 —In great Disesteem in this Age }
 —Thought to Unqualify a Man }
 at present for any kind of Pre- }
 ferment.

34

ibid.

ibid.

M.

M *Artin Galliver. A very antient* }
and celebrated Author. Vide }
Testim. & vit.

N.

N *Onsense.* A great Ingredient }
 in the Writings and Dis- }
 courses of the *Censor*.

321

O.

O ! A Word greatly in Use a- }
 mong all who hear or see the }
Censor; to express their Wonder }
 at his Parts and Person.

11: 17

P*Ambaicks.* A gentle, Gig-jog,
See-saw kind of Metre; so di-
stinguish'd from the Works of
Genius, by their Infantine Au-
thor's true Name *Namby-Pamby*,
tho' some are perverse enough
to call him *Pb—H—ps*.

13

Pamphleteers. A very dangerous
Sett of Men in all vicious, cor-
rupted, ill-governed and un-
learned Societies; being often
firmly attach'd to Virtue and
Probity. *Vid.* Notes to the *Thren.*

R.

R*—s.* Deem'd not improper-
ly, very stupid.

14: 7

—Heir to the *Censor* in *Brains* and
Honesty, tho' he is generally thought
to have got nothing by his *Legacy*,
and yet is allow'd to be in great want
of them. *Vid.* The Last Will.

S.

S*Tupid.* Applied elegantly to the
Censor.

14

—As justly apply'd to *F—R—*

ibid.

—And to Dull *Arbuckle*

ibid.

Senseless Jest the *Censor's* very pe-
culiar Talent

15: 6

—Practis'd with great Felicity by
several of the *F—ws*.

ibid.

Slipper. Taken up instead of a
Handkerchief by the *Censor*
but generally believed to be done
with no dishonest Design.

18: 10

Saunter. The *Censor's* Soul extremely happy in the Body of the *Ass*, because it might saunter or bray, or be Dull, as it pleas'd.

T.

T *Ale-telling.* One of *Gr—n's* } Perfections.

Tipfy. Another of his good Qualities

Tyrannic. Another

Tippling. Another

† *Tool.* The *Censor*, a remarkable one

V.

V *Ain.* The *Censor* awkwardly so

Velim Id. *Gr—n's* most usual and }
Elegant Phrase in Conversation; }
as much as to say, he would be }
understood if it was possible.

W.

W *It.* The *Censor's* mortal A- } version.

Witless. Vid. *Arbuckle*, *G—n*, *J—*
R—, *D—s*, *Aldermen*, &c.

Wooden. The *Censor's* Head of }
this Stuff.

Wooden Man, The *Censor* with very }
little Alteration chang'd into one }

— *Worship*, *Gr—n* Elegantly call'd }
the Tail of it.

Cenf.	Def.	Thre.
		4 : 28
14 : 13		
	3 : 8	
7 : 8		
	7 : 15	
8 : 1		
6 : 2		
19 : 4		
		6 : 22
22		
		7 : 6
1		

† Some are of Opinion that this Article in the Index is wrong plac'd, and that it ought to be read Fool: And if so, we refer the Reader to it in the Alphabet.

